

YEAR'S

1899.

THE CARRIER OF THE KINGSTON S.

TO HIS PATRONS.

KINGSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, 1st JANUARY, 1899.

A happy New Year all nature cries,
Throughout the world, beneath the skies ;
O ! though Great Author of all good ?
May we improve it so we should ;
May we as happy be this year
As all nature doth appear.
The smiling land and merry sea,
With a New Year to all they bear
Even doth the aged nation greet
The happy eve with wisdom sweet.
The Father, Son, the Daughter, Mother,
With happy hearts do greet each other.
Brothers, Sisters, neighbours, friends,
To every eye a cheer, a kindred smile.
The clarion note, at dawn of day,
A happy New Year crooned away ;
And all the rest far miles around,
Did stretch their heads, and join the sound.
The giddy dog, and noisy goose,
The trusty dog, and purring paw,
With man unto their grateful voice
And for this blessing do rejoice,
And with the rest, I'll join the chorus.
A happy New Year lie before us,
The earth has circled round the sun,
And to another year we're come :
And the events that have transpired,
At which we're treated or admired,
In oblivion now do lie.
Only a shadow passing by.
Have we wasted our time, for nought ?
Or have we spent it as we ought ?
The time which we have lost, will never
Return to us again for ever.
On this day more another year
Doth on the busy world appear,
May it be, with blessings more,
For the old man the youth and maiden
With healing balm for every heart,
Restoring peace, mending smart ;
And may it be a year of rest,
To the afflicted and distressed,
No pestilence or sweeping fire,
These are my hopes and my desires.
Could I if possible, at one view,
Of men and manners just and true.
A picture draw that we could see,
What groaning wretched things we be.
Constantly quaking atom God,
Quitting ev'rything at his threatening rod,
His precepts we unfeeling leave
Until we're ploughed within the grave.
What indignation, rage and strife,
Attend our daily walk in life,
And occupy the mind of man,
Although life is but a span.
A host of bug-bears did appear,
Within the compasses of last year,
Constrained with subtlety and art,
United so well has played his part.
The angry land first on the list,
Grazing on what artful strife,
To obtain a part or all,
They would devour great and small.
Divine instruction is there plus,
But very simplicity can see,
That all their noisy worldly strife,
Is to procure a pleasant life.
Mercenary motives urge them on,
Striving to make each other so strong,
Their hearts intent upon the floor,

They act like giddy mocking geese,
O'erward they fly, crowd of geese,
Like long eared animals at a race,
Eager they are to join this fray,
Although their duty is to pray.
Brian on earth looks up and smiles,
To see men rushing to their wife,
Clutching and grime and shouting with glee,
Look down Oscar fine, the worship me,
I've only just to turn my eye,
Wherever I look I find a prize,
Faithful worshippers, I behold,
My attributes they prize as gold.
Be you to others just and true,
As you'd have others be to you,
This is the golden rule we find,
Which seldom conquers the mind.

I've now a different tale to tell,
About the money lenders,
I'm sure they play their part well,
And truly they are growers,
A set of traders Bankers well &c,
Who deal in paper money,
Gave it to hit upon a plan,
Which was so very fair,
These very just and considerate men,
All true to number one,
At last contrived upon a plan,
The public for to hum,
After fooling all the country,
With promises to pay,
O what a mighty clever thing,
Could they prolong the day,
They were not long about it,
The Legislators at,
Being nothing interested,
Soon listened to their call,
The plan to them was opened,
They all began to sing,
With all our might we'd knock down right,
And say God save the King,
After some party squabbling,
These worthy men agreed,
The laws should be suspended,
And certain Bankers freed,
From all their undertakings,
Which honest men should prize,
And from such artful design,
They wish to shut our eyes.

The tortois they slumber for need to the knif,
For such brutal custom they always are nif,
It seems as if nature had planted it on,
As tended to sin in with the carnion crew.
The lead they nominate, in word set and deed,
Altho' they uphold a mischievous crew,
Which if carried out, to it's fullest extent,
Concains all the evils old sick ever seen.
Many call them rapacious mortian dives,
Who never are easy except to themselves,
On honest men's earnings they can put a paw,
And then they pronounces to be justice and law.
A don't is pretended, neath men can be found,
Or suffered to flourish on free British ground,
Long noted for freedom, valor and skill,
Whoso if you believe, many valorous would fill,
Within this grim Province, the worst of the kind,
Of tortois ferocious and cruel we find,
They're grasping and craving to gather up nif,
At last comes Old Nick and takes them himself
A certain expression they have quite in vogue,





ADDRESS.

F THE KINGSTON SPECTATOR,
TO HIS PATRONS.

TUESDAY MORNING, 1st JANUARY, 1830.

set like giddy swelling grass,
and they dry devoid of green,
among ourse animals at a race,
they are to gain this prey,
through their duty is to pray,
on earth looks up and ankle;
the men rushing to his side,
like red grins and shaws with gore,
down Gnat-Glen they worship me,
only just to turn my eye,
For I look I find a pris,
that worships, I behold,
treasures they prize as gold,
to others just and true,
I'd have others be to you,
in the golden rule we find,
a wisdom occupies the mind.

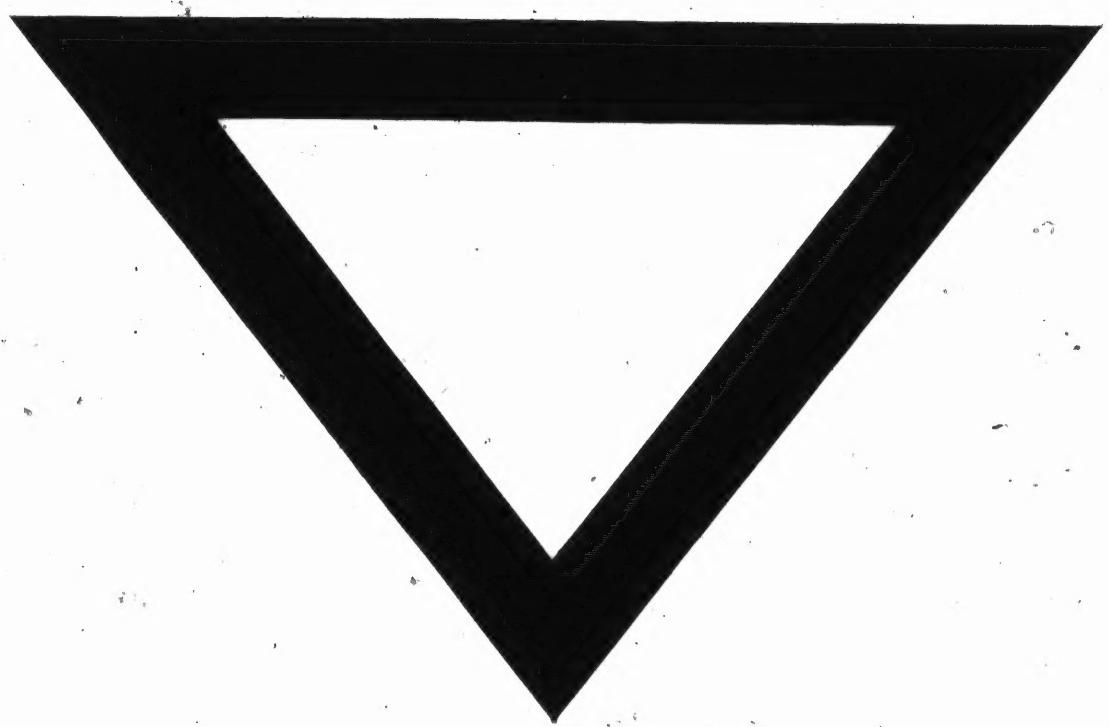
now a different tale to tell,
heat the money lenders,
sure they play their part as well,
and truly they are grovver,
set of traders blantern sell's,
The deal in paper money,
steal & to hit upon a plan,
What was so very fair,
so very just and considerate men,
it run to number one,
was contrived upon a plan,
the publick for to ban,
or flooding all the country,
With promises to pay,
what a mighty clever thing,
ould they preying the day,
they were not long about it,
the Legislators all,
nothing interested,
soon listened to their call,
the plan to them was opened,
They all began to sing,
With all our might we'll knock down right,
and say God save the King,
or some party squabbling,
how worthy men agreed,
the law should be composed,
and certain Bankers feed,
in all their undertaking,
which honest men should prize,
I from such artful doings,
say wish to shut our eyes.

set they clamour for blood to the knife,
such brutal sones they always are, rise,
as if nature had planted it on,
adred to claim with the curvus crew,
and they assume, in word act and deed,
they uphold a mischievous creed,
if carried out, to it's full extent,
will all the evil old tick over unto,
and than reprobate various cities,
setler are very except to themselves,
and from men's earnings they can pick a raw,
thus they presume it to justice and law,
right is pretended, such men can be found,
dwell to flourish on tree British ground,
and used for freedom, valor and skill,
if you believe many volumes would fill,
in this also freedom, the word of the kind,
so fierceous and cruel we find,
you're grasping and craving to gather up all,
set some Old Nick and takes them himself
gain expression they have quite in vogue,

When any offend them they cry out you rogues,
They say "the Admirer" approves of our plan,
To restrain the unruly passions of man.
One thing indeed, appears wondrous strange,
Why providence so often men a long range,
God's gracious attributes are mercy and peace,
But they more resemble the ravenous beast.
The plagues thus drawn I truly believe,
'Tis not my motive, or wish to desire,
Although I'm aware it's a tree very plan,
Desire to scatter wherever they can,
By a tribe of Jeasts who set and contrive,
To gall and divide by which means they thrive,
Pretending that all things are done for the best,
Though little they do come up to that test,
To further their ends they're a rallying army,
A cant word much in use call'd loyalty,
But this may be even through all their lies,
To be a stalking horse to fill their paws.
Toronto turns gracious now,

With all their bellies give,
Lord Melbourne, George, Brougham all,
They burst in effigie.
Round the city in procession,
Like tigers did those tigers roar,
Thus in show their graceless caps,
Held at pretty Circist's door,
This functionary ingests like,
Did appear with very grye,
Like a well for monkey griming,
From the window you might see,
At the tiles insults there offered,
Unto those who give him bread,
In desecracy the fillet ingests,
Gruely would have turned his head,
These miscreants were well attended,
Things were suited to the dead,
Their patron, listen he attended,
Mounted on a prancing steed,
The ceremony being ended,
Gates told them full of glee,
When the time comes for your exit,
All would richly grace a tree,
Year Eighteen hundred thirty eight,
Eternity is now thy fate,
Thy days are also every one,
Vanish'd and fled, their gone is run,
With their evil and with the good,
As all the years before the flood,
With all thy weeks thy months and hours,
Thy times and seasons fruits and flowers,
Summer, winter, Autumn and spring,
Have with their blossoms taken wing,
For Eighteen hundred thirty eight,
We have a great account to make,
Either with pleasure or with pain,
Our hours will be review'd again,
What we have done we must repeat,
Before a righteous judgment seat,
All what we reckles hands have wrought,
All that our foolish hearts have thought,
With all the idle words we've spoke,
Are writ in God's eternal book,
Will many-then with joy appear,
When they review the parted year,
Conscience speak out thy right cause,
To warn us of our coming doom,
In Eighteen hundred thirty eight,
O, what woes, vanity and strife,
Will in thy sorrow day appear,
Then injure to December year,
Reproval now is all in vain,
These never will return again.

1830.



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